

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1892.

## A REQUEST.

Fairies, find me a fern-stemmed dell,  
Where soft foot slopes to a purling stream,  
Where the violet nods to the heather bell  
And the willows tremble and weep and dream.  
Down where the trees are so thick and green  
That, arching above, the heat of the sun  
Is scarcely felt, nor its brightness seen,  
And daylight and twilight are merged in one.  
Where the warblers and vireos chirp and sing,  
Plucking the cones of the fragrant pine,  
And the catbird whirrs on its rapid wing  
Or broods in its nest in thorny vine.  
And when you have found this fresh, cool nook,  
Make me a hummock and stretch it there  
Between two willows; then write me a book,  
Some light reading—a little care.  
Then, requite more than all things else,  
Get a pretty girl in a summer gown;  
A girl with eyes that glow and then melt,  
With lips of coral and hair like brown.  
Let her sit by my side with a fan,  
To cool my brow of its damp and hot,  
To stroke my hair with her soft, white hand,  
And I don't care whether school keeps or not.  
—Lafan B. Merry.

## EL VAQUERO.

"Are Maria," a herder said,  
One night in sight of Santa Fe,  
Where ground and blanket were his bed,  
And all around his cattle lay.  
"Are Maria, full of grace—"  
How strangely solemn were the words,  
In such a wild and dreary place,  
Beneath the stars, among the herds.  
"Santa Maria, Mother of God—"  
The words thus taken from the sod  
To yonder sky while yet he spoke.  
"Pray for sinners now," he said,  
With earnest hope to be forgiven,  
While distant hills all seemed to be  
Steps leading from the plain to heaven.  
"Pray for us in the hour of death—"  
And softer still the murmuring came,  
Until at last the hushed breath  
Ceased with the sweet and holy names.  
"Are Maria," no more he said,  
That eve in sight of Santa Fe,  
When morning came, a herder dead,  
Was found there where his cattle lay.  
—J. C. Burnett.

## Scenes in the West.

### THE SWORD BEARER'S REBELLION—EARTHQUAKES AND FARO GAMES—FIERCE INDIAN BATTLES.

Written for the Standard.

LATE in September, 1887, an apparently unimportant episode occurred at the agency of the Crow Indians in Montana. The meeting, however, primarily confined to less than a dozen members of the tribe, soon swept through the nation, passed beyond the control of the local civil and military authorities, and culminated in a battle fought on the 10th of the following November on the Little Horn river, within 10 miles of Fort Custer, and less than two miles from the agency itself, a brief engagement, wherein 2,000 Indians and 14 infantry companies and cavalry troops of the U. S. army were actively or passively engaged. The circumstances attending the outbreak and the incidents of the brief campaign which ensued, were so remarkable as to justify the assertion that in all the annals of our Indian wars there is no chapter to surpass it in peculiar interest, while it reveals a weird and startling picture of savage life and character, such as the illumined pages of American border history nowhere else presents.

The first causes of discontent, which so quickly ripened into open and armed rebellion against the hitherto respected authority of the agent and the army forces stationed near, may be briefly given as follows:

In the summer of 1885, Sitting Bull with 300 Sioux followers, was permitted by our most lenient interior department to visit the Crows at their agency. While there the sojourning warriors were granted leave to hold a war dance at the monument on the Custer battle field. During the impressive exercises attendant upon this savage ceremonial, the Sioux excited the envy of the Crows by indignantly contrasting the policy pursued by the government in the treatment of the two nations. Sitting Bull thus addressed them:

"Look at that monument, it marks the work of my people. We are respected and feared by the white man because we killed his great chief and more than 300 of his warriors upon this spot. We receive one and one-half pounds of beef per ration, you get one pound; we do no work, but ride and visit our friends. See your little log houses and farms. You are the white man's slaves, he is teaching you to labor only that you may forget the use of your war paint, and the battle songs of your fathers are stolen from the lips of your children by the senseless chants of the 'black robes' (Catholic priests). Is there no blood in the veins of your young men? Rise up against the bloodless conquest that is turning your people into slaves. The red man was made by the Great Spirit to fight and to hunt, and be free as the prairie winds. It is the white man's business to work. He is only a soldier when he is paid to be. This visit occurred in midharvest when the Crows were busy with important farming operations, and the memorable address was made within the sound of busy reaping machines bought by the government for the use of the Indians, which it seeks to civilize through the agency of labor. The seeds of discontent and resistance were thus sown, and took deeper root than was believed at the time.

Nearly two years later the Piegan Indians of the north, a tribe of prairie freebooters who are daring and irresistible horse thieves, made a successful raid upon the Crow herds on the Big Horn. They escaped beyond the Yellowstone with their booty, but were closely followed by a small party of Crows under the leadership of a young medicine man known by the Indians as Shesh-Tah-Pash (literally Wraps-Up-His-Tail), by the whites as Sword Bearer, who made successful reprisals on the enemy.

Shesh-Tah-Pash was said to have gained his prestige by his triumphs in a sun dance, in which he displayed remarkable stoicism while in torture, while he was also credited with marked gifts as a sorcerer. Immediately upon the return of the raiding Crow band with the captured ponies, the agent for the Piegan demanded the restoration of the stock, and orders were issued to the tribe in general to deliver up to the stock inspector at the Crow agency all animals not belonging to the tribe.

This the Indians refused to do, and soon after Sword Bearer and a few sympathizers began riding around the mission and through the fort grounds in a noisy and defiant manner, the malcontents increasing in numbers daily and gaining more and more confidence as the inactivity of the government continued.

At last the situation became sufficiently alarming to determine the war department to enter upon a systematic campaign for the purpose of not only effectually suppressing the present insurrection, but to administer such a salutary lesson to the rebellious Indians as would be likely to deter them from any repetition of their insubordinate conduct in the future. Troops were accordingly ordered to the

scene from every available point, the three arms of the service being called into requisition, and within two weeks fourteen companies of infantry and cavalry and two batteries of Hotchkiss guns were upon the ground, now occupied by upwards of two thousand Indians. The prophet was declared by his disciples to be invisible to the whites, and was said to ride every day unseen through the military camps. The warlike preparations of the soldiers seemed to inspire no alarm, and the squaws were set to work with all kinds of implements digging rifle pits along the front of the Indian position. Little by little the true cause of the remarkable confidence displayed by the rebels became known. It was their unshaken belief that their great medicine man was possessed of the power, which he was soon to display, of causing the wholesale destruction of all belonging to the white race against whom he might lift his sword. The battle followed, a detailed account of which some time ago appeared in the STANDARD, and at its beginning Sword Bearer displayed most remarkable nerve, but he was the first to fall. The immediate surrender of the camp resulted and a passing episode was added to human history.

It was but a little part of the inevitable conflict between savagery and civilization, but it was not without pathos and a lesson.

### A TENDER HEARTED JUDGE.

Written for the Standard.

AS A RULE legal trials are dull affairs, and the prosy pleadings of lawyers and dry rulings of judges weary the listener; but I attended one that was decidedly interesting. It was a case tried before Judge B., the police magistrate of Nogales, Arizona. The judge had limited legal knowledge; but he was a warm-hearted and outspoken man. He possessed a large vocabulary of slang, and his opinions from the bench, if they were not models of English diction, were couched in the coarsest language.

A Mormon elder living in a remote section of that country had been arrested on a warrant, sworn out by his Gentile neighbors, charging him with violating the anti-polygamy laws of the territory. He was brought before Judge B. for a preliminary trial. All the judge could do was simply to hear the evidence in the case, and if he deemed it sufficient, bind the accused over to appear for trial at the district court. This Mormon patriarch had for years been striving to obey the scriptural injunction and the practical precepts of Brigham Young, to "increase and multiply on the face of the earth." How well the elder fulfilled his self-imposed mission may be inferred from the fact that during the trial it was proved that three women acknowledged him as their individual and collective husband and a dozen or more children claimed him as their father. When the elder came into the court room, accompanied by his wives and numerous children, it looked like a kindergarten broken loose. The testimony for the state was soon taken, and the evidence showed conclusively the guilt of the prisoner. The judge asked the accused if he had any evidence to offer in defense. But none was offered.

The judge began the judge to exercise clemency, saying that he was an old man, and if he was sent to prison he would live off his term of sentence; that for 15 years he had lived in his rural home, with his wives and children, a peaceful and happy life, until meddling Gentile neighbors and an energetic deputy sheriff had brought him and his family into court.

The judge informed the elder that he had no intention of sending him to the penitentiary, but would only bind him over to a fair and impartial trial.

The elder, then with a sobbing voice deposited in glowing terms the happy life he had led and the many years he had passed in connubial bliss. His wives came to his aid and each one sobbed in a different key, and the children joined in the weeping chorus.

The judge was a tender-hearted man and this deluge of tears visibly affected him. He could control his feelings no longer, and exclaimed: "Well, I think it is a d—d shame a man ain't allowed to have but one wife. But the law says you shan't, and I'll enforce the law if I break a suspender. Old man, you say you got along peacefully with all your wives?"

"That is the truth," sobbed the elder. "We live in peace and harmony and strife and contention among us is never known."

"Well, old man," responded the judge, "you must be built different from me, then. I have only one wife and we frequently quarrel. I think you are too good a man for this world. I am sorry that I can't give you a harp and a pair of wings, but I'll do the best I can for you. I will

dismiss the case and let the United States court prosecute you. I will not prosecute a man who can live peacefully with three wives and never have a quarrel. To me it looks like persecuting a saint instead of prosecuting a criminal."

The judge, true to his word, dismissed the case. But the United States attorney was not so tender-hearted, as in less than a month the elder was tried by the federal court and incarcerated in the penitentiary, where he stayed until he promised to obey the law in the future and to discard his surplus wives.

Sin,  
Anacoda, June 29.

### A FARO STORY.

Written for the Standard.

WHENEVER I see a faro game I am reminded of a story told on Silverpeg, an old prospector. He was a taciturn man and spent most of his time prospecting in Sonora and Arizona. He got his nickname from the fact that one of his legs was amputated at the knee, necessitating his wearing a wooden peg, and the additional fact that he was always prospecting for silver. Silverpeg had two ambitions in life—one was to strike a rich silver mine, in which event he swore he would make himself a silver leg to replace the wooden one he hobbled around on; the other was to beat faro by his system. His system was for certain cards to win clear through and others to lose in the same manner.

For years Silverpeg had spent his summers prospecting, without finding a "rich silver mine." On the advent of winter he would come to town and endeavor to break the faro banks with his system. The day the earthquake occurred he was at Bavispe, Sonora, and was playing faro. He was playing his system, and had been copping the jack. The jack had lost three times. Silverpeg was in a happy mood as he was proving a winning one. He copped the jack clear up to the limit, being sure that his system was right and that the jack would "lose out." But before the dealer could make a "turn," the earthquake came, the walls of the house shook and chairs and tables began to slide over the floor and the dealers and players, badly frightened, made a rush for the door. When they got out on the street the shock was over. The players, after recovering from their fright, resumed their places at the table. They had been suddenly surprised by the shock that they had not gathered up their checks, which, on their return, were apparently just as they had been placed. The dealer took his seat, made a turn and the jack lost.

The shock had knocked the copper off of Silverpeg's bet and he had not noticed it. The dealer took the bet in and Silverpeg was dumfounded. He saw what the earthquake had done. His disgust was intense. Gathering up his remaining chips he cashed them in, and turning to the players he said: "Boys, I played faro before I learned the Lord's prayer; I have tackled 'brace games' before, but this is the first time I ever struck a bank where Providence stood in with the house. My system was all right and if the Lord had held back that shock a few deals I would have broke the bank. I can beat the box but I can't beat Providence. I will never play faro again. The odds are too great." Silverpeg kept his word and no inducement could ever persuade him to play faro.

Anacoda, June 29.

### SHESH TAH PASH.

Written for the Standard.

FROM the mists of the morning time in the life of the human race up to the midday splendor of the present era in the grand procession of events in its history, the faltering steps of man through the slowly lifting shadows of the centuries have been illumined by the trembling beams of the starlight of faith in the existence of a transcendent unseen guiding and helping power, and a hope of immortality beyond the grave. The all absorbing interest of his being has led to manifold forms of outward expression in religious observance and worship, amid the great family of man, and there has been a search for the divine spark, of which even traditional records have been preserved, an entire absence of spiritual veneration and homage to some type of supernatural power.

In accordance with this belief and hope, burning brighter than all others in the bosom of man, some tangible manifestation and revelation of the divine majesty has been awaited with undying faith, and as a consequence upon it there have appeared at various times in his midst false Messiahs and prophets who have promised the regeneration of the world. The coming at last of the master wrought the promised fulfillment of the full measure of man's noblest yearnings and purest aspirations to a vast portion of the world the promised proof was given. With the death of the Savior, however, the chapter was not closed, and harbingers of new ages have again and again appeared, all save one, the prophet of Islam, to leave no other impress than a name upon the annals of the race.

Soreness of Syria, David Abin, Abraham Abulafia and Labatt are no longer known outside the encyclopedias, yet each was in his day a personification of a new theology, or self-assertive inspired teacher of a new doctrine of sanctification by faith. Within our own century, Joseph Smith, a thrifless adventurer, received in a pretended vision revelations from the Angel Moroni, which led to the professed discovery of translation of the Book of Mormon, and a great sect was founded, which numbers in our day a vast following.

Among the so-called prophets and saviors of modern times, none have been more remarkable than Shesh-Tah-Pash, the dead leader of the late rebellion among the Crow Indians. Few have invested him with the character of a divine pretender, but such in fact was the dramatic assumption of the slain warrior, and with him died the hope of his people in the ultimate triumph and regeneration of their race. A young man of no previous note in the tribe, he led a successful foray against the enemies of his people, and attained at once to prominence. Resisting with a few of his followers the order directing his arrest by the Washington

authorities, he became so recklessly defiant as to excite first the wonder then the admiration of the whole nation. Suddenly the spirit of prophecy burst in burning words of savage eloquence from his lips, and following the ancestral custom he withdrew to solitary vigils in the mountains, where in the fancied spiritual presence of his fathers he received the revelation which promised the release of his people and their restoration to the sole occupation of the land. The white race was to be utterly destroyed and the Indian was made ruler over all other races of men. The great spirit promised to place in his hands the material for the recreation of the world and to bestow happiness upon the Indian forever.

There is little doubt, in the light of events, that this poor savage faithfully believed in the pretension of his divine mission, and that he went forth upon that fair November day prepared to see the sun set upon the triumph of his people.

Doubtless in his lonely watches, during which he passed days without food and practiced self-inflicted tortures that he might not sleep, that visions and hallucinations so haunted his simple mind as to create an unwavering faith in his self-assumed powers. So earnest and so magnetic did he become that the most conservative leaders of the tribe, who had grown gray in their peaceful submission to the government, became his ardent adherents. Many of them came to the agent and protested their fealty to the Great Father, but in trembling accents asserted the restless faith which compelled them to bow to their prophet.

Upon the day of the battle no grander instance of devoted bravery was ever manifested than was shown by the famed medicine man. With head erect and bare breast he rode fiercely around the circle of cavalry and infantry, which, drawn up in battle array, with glittering arms confronted the Indian camp. At the head of his little host he calmly faced the cavalry charge which eventually dispersed the hostile ranks, but with the failure of his boasted power to carry death to the enemy by the sweep of his magic blade, the splendid courage which had upheld him amid the flying bullets instantly vanished, and he became again the cowardly savage and fled for his life. Those who witnessed the noble presence and intrepid daring of this obscure Indian, as upon that day, in flaunting robes of scarlet, he rode in utter contempt of danger before the statueque armed lines of soldiers thirsting for his life, beheld a transfiguration such as the pages of history present no more wonderful instance.

### CONFIDENCE.

Oh, you merry, old fellow, high upon a beech bough swaying,  
Have you really no employment all the long, bright forenoon through?  
But to watch the golden sunbeams 'mid the green leaves flitting, playing,  
And the glad bird-piecing gleaming in the meadows under you?

Blackbird, pretty maiden, in the branches green and shady  
There's a nest with five eggs resting on a smooth and cozy bed,  
And since the dawn of morning I am singing to a lady  
Who never eases dreary slumbers, to hear me here and there.  
But now tell me, pretty maiden, do you linger here each morning?  
Just to see the daisies flutter as the sound wind rushes by?  
Or to view the linden lilies all the breezy days?  
What followed must not be told, but when the cavalcade, brought by Grover and his companion, came to care for the slain the hardest heart melted at the sight.

Whisper, blackbird, for a moment; much, indeed, I love the meadows,  
Gory for the dead, the woods, where the south winds murmur low  
To the wind flowers, flushed and trembling, and to the wind flowers, flushed and trembling,  
But I'm watching for my lover, and you must let me know.  
—Chambers' Journal.

### PRAYED INSTEAD OF FOUGHT.

JUST AFTER dark on the 17th of May, 1885, the Apache chiefs, Geronimo, Natchez, Nana, Mangus and Chihun-hi, with about fifty painted warriors, stole away from the White Mountain reservation in Arizona and went on the war path, not with bows and arrows, as their forefathers had done, but with improved rifles and well-filled cartridge belts.

These poor government wards, who had enjoyed all winter the manifold blessings of the "prayer-and-beef-stake" policy (ill they were sleek, fat and safe) fled the army and fled toward Old Mexico, leaving a trail of blood unparalleled in the history of Indian wars. Why did Chief Geronimo lead his petted warriors against the white settlers? Because, as he stated when he surrendered to General Miles at Skeleton canyon, two Indian anarchists, Mickey Fee and Chatto, called him the squash-raising chief and had sworn to assassinate him at the first opportunity, and because his three squaws were continually cooking his potatoes with the "jackets on."

"This being the status, the cavalry gave chase immediately, regardless of departmental or national lines. The trail was followed by day and by night, in sunshine and storm, over rugged mountains and down dark, winding canyons, which in years gone by had proven an asylum to the hostiles, but a graveyard to the cavalymen; thence across miles and miles of sun-scoured mesas, where springs and water holes were unknown, and to allay the thirst of the trooper the watermelon cactus gave up its cooling liquid. Down into the south-east corner of Arizona the cavalymen chased the hostiles, and in order to prevent the renegades from entering Mexico nearly every noted spring and pass from the Patagonia mountains to the Rio Grande was guarded by small details of soldiers. The cunning Apaches saw the danger and were equal to the emergency. 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